

1600/1271

4m  
1st edn  
£20

T H E

Seducer's Distracted Confession,

I N A

POETICAL RHAPSODY

T O

A BROTHER OF THE KNIFE.

— "And as Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,"  
"Felix trembled."—ACTS 24.

---

LONDON: PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

M,DCC,LXXXII.

1600/1271

THE HISTORY OF THE

IN A

POETICAL REASON

A BROTHER OF THE

LONDON





—————UNIVERSALLY deserted, and every  
where detested---to what quarter shall I fly for  
refuge? Thou, O NOBODY! hast patronised thou-  
sands---beneath thy roof, however desolate, let me  
for once hide my head, and, 'till the indignation  
be overpast, bless the shades of oblivion.

1

of the ...

...

...



T H E

Seducer's Distracted Confession, &c.

**R**OUS'D by the Muse! at length my conscience wakes!  
And in my bosom rears her hissing snakes,  
While keen conviction, flashing dreadful light,  
Brings all my guilt, and all my crimes to fight.  
Before mine eyes, 'till now with scales o'erspread,  
What forms appear, what spectres shake the head?  
Ten thousand furies seem to cross my way,  
And grin, as eager to devour their prey:

B

E'en

E'en F—r's father bursts the hallow'd tomb,  
 And all vindictive stalks across the room——  
 Knits his stern brow, and with distraction wild,  
 Points to the ruins of a once lov'd child:  
 Ah! what a look now darted from his eye,  
 And stabb'd my breast with deep felt agony?

F I R M

FAST by his side (as erst in life ador'd)  
 Honor stands firm—and waves a naked sword,  
 Towards me, the cause that broke his last repose,  
 The weapon turns—and kindles new felt woes—  
 O! wretched state, what terrors seize my soul,  
 What lightnings flash, what horrid thunders roll,  
 What wild convulsions shake my trembling frame,  
 And burn my breast with ignominious shame?

For ah! how strong, how deep that guilt must dye,  
 Which stamps in life and death our infamy?

PERHAPS,





PERHAPS, my friend—if such on earth can be,  
 Thy heart may heave one pitying sigh for me :  
 Ah no, too callous by profession grown,  
 The trade of slaughter steels it like mine own.

IGNOBLY born, and more ignobly bred,  
 Without one tutor to the heart, or head,  
 I blundered on—unmov'd by pity's call,  
 And daily saw the struggling victims fall :  
 The generous Ox, which to his master true,  
 Gives him his toil, and feeds his luxury too,  
 I frequent fell'd—nor did the spotless lamb,  
 Vindictive ravish'd, from it's frantic dam——  
 Excite one soft emotion in my mind,  
 As stretch'd he threw a dying look behind.

HARDEN'D at length, by scenes like these o'erpass,  
 Towards higher game my thoughts were bent at last,  
 For avarice still, whate'er my lips confess,  
 Despotic ! reign'd sole tyrant o'er my breast.

THE

THE Eastern world, seem'd fittest for my view,  
 And, in one night, a thousand slaves I flew;  
 E'en Nabobs trembled in that fancied hour,  
 And wealth came rushing in a golden shower.

THUS, stimulated by the lust of gain,  
 And steel'd with cruelty, I cross'd the main :  
 The sun beheld me blot his orient climes—  
 Ripe for destruction, teeming big with crimes :—  
 What spoils I won, by treach'ry and by art,  
 (For real courage never touch'd my heart)  
 What bloody schemes—could I the danger shun,  
 Thro' all my orders and directions run,  
 Are known to heaven, whose penetrating eyes,  
 Darts thro' my soul—and loud for vengeance cries !

BRED thus, and tutor'd—in ill-fated hour,  
 F—R became the subject of my power—  
 With sacred charge my mandates to obey,  
 A tender parent threw his child away—

His



His open breast unpractis'd in design,  
 By his own generous feelings, measur'd mine :  
 Lull'd in that moment, each suspicion slept,  
 Which angels, if they saw, sure angels wept :  
 Far better, sure, if heaven had so ordain'd——  
 Some savage Tyger had the task sustain'd.

BENEATH my roof, and more malignant eye,  
 Her charms unfolded, but to bloom and die :  
 Lust, that rank mildew, seiz'd my ev'ry sense,  
 And in black hour I blasted innocence,  
 Down at my feet the vanquish'd victim fell,  
 But in that struggle rous'd the fiends of hell :  
 E'en now I feel their unrelenting rage,  
 Scorch ev'ry nerve that trembles o'er the page :  
 Nor yet content—I strove by curst art,  
 To fix ten thousand daggers in her heart :  
 Where e'er I went, proclaim'd her injur'd name,  
 And, tho' the guilt was mine, gave her the shame.

WHAT now remains? A wretched exile, I  
 Am doom'd, tho' in my native land, to fly:  
 No friendly roof will now expand the door,  
 No social welcome greet me, as before:  
 A dark, dull miscreant! with a fawning face,  
 But enter'd then the mansion to disgrace:—  
 Nor will the world dispense with crimes like mine,  
 Obnoxious both to human and divine,  
 Thus, close beset, which ever way I turn,  
 The sword of Justice seems a-fresh to burn.

CURST be the hour of that detested day,  
 Which saw my abject soul inhabit clay;  
 And still returning, with revolving skies,  
 At length beheld a human monster rise:  
 Such now I view my tainted bosom prove,  
 A hell of lust, without a spark of love;  
 O! that each wretch, with principles like these,  
 Might in abortion's lap forever freeze:

Ne'er



Ne'er into life it's vile existence thrust,  
 To feel the dire effects of lawless lust——  
 E'en now the flame, which pallid fear surveys,  
 Drinks up my moisture, and consumes my days:  
 The sun's broad beam but all my deeds arraign,  
 And night's dark gloom brings horrors in her train.  
 Where shall I fly?—No covert can I find,  
 Guilt stands before me, vengeance stalks behind:  
 Environ'd thus, my soul in dark despair,  
 Looks round in vain, no ray of comfort's near:  
 Hope, that sweet pilgrim! to the virtuous known,  
 Spreads her soft plumes, nor will a Caitiff own;

Thus, if my tortur'd conscience deems aright,  
 The Culprit shudders at the Judge's sight,  
 And, as he hears the awful sentence due,  
 Sees cords, and gibbets, rising in his view.

But what's all this! to that eternal state,  
 Where Adamantine chains shall fix my fate?

Where

Where the dread Judge—seen now in fancy's eye—  
 Tremendous view! shall poize his scales on high:  
 Against true merit weigh my worthless name,  
 Light as the bubble trembling on the stream,  
 While shouting angels, at the signal given,  
 Shall loud applaud the righteousness of heaven;  
 And as I sink to shades of endless night,  
 Behold my fall, and triumph at the fight:  
 While long on earth to infamy consign'd,  
 My name shall live the curse of all mankind.



THE END.